UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Is Europe on the Eve of War?

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III, Chapter II. By M. K. GANDHI

Free China

By HAROLD S. MATTHEWS

GILBERT REID

What Is the Matter with the South?

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

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IN

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1927 NUMBER 7

THE BROTHERHOOD OF PAIN

Untouched by grief, how should I walk these ways,
These common ways of earth, wherein each man
Is set apart as by some unknown plan
To work his problems out for blame or praise?
So eager the desire for happier days,
The wish to crowd with joy life's narrow span,
All nobler thoughts might end where they began
Nor guide my footsteps through this tangled maze.

But taught by sorrow, lessoned by defeat,
I feel at last the strange electric thrill
That binds true hearts together, and I greet
All men as brothers, seeking, serving still.
I own my human heritage complete,—
To love and suffer with undaunted will.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

We are being criticized for our harsh treatment of the Secretary of State in a recent issue of this paper (March 21st). Laying down the proposition that "no foreign secretary or diplomat can be trusted to tell the truth" in his official capacity, we cited Mr. Kellogg as "the latest proof of our thesis." This is a bit too harsh, we are told. But is it? In the April 6th issue of the *Nation,* we find the statement that "Mr. Walter Lippman clearly demonstrated to the Foreign Policy Association in New York City on March 26 (that), the Department (of State) has been guilty of falsification and misrepresentation" in the Mexican affair. The *Nation* is a peculiarly accurate reporter, and in this case we happen to know that its report of Mr. Lippman's address is correct. Mr. Lippman himself as Editor of the New York *World,* is one of our most important American journalists, and a man of tested scholarship and character. In the address in question, Mr. Lippman presented abundant data to justify his charge of "falsification" and "misrepresentation" as against the State Department, of which Mr. Kellogg is the responsible head. These two words, "falsification" and "misrepresentation," are exactly like the word, "propaganda," in the sense that they are long and impressive substitutes for the good old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon word, "lie." Mr. Kellogg and his assistants, in accordance with unbroken tradition in the conduct of foreign affairs, have been engaged in deliberately deceiving the American people. The Department "has nobody to thank but itself," says the *Nation,* "that it is no longer trusted." We beg our critics to believe, therefore, that we were well within the bounds of truth when we attacked Mr. Kellogg in his official character. Our charge, be it said, had no animus against Mr. Kellogg personally. We were simply revealing a practice or custom in the conduct of foreign affairs which we regard as reprehensible, and which must be made manifest as such to the public if we are not to be betrayed into one great war after another.

Propaganda is at work full blast in the Chinese situation. Lies are being manufactured on exactly the same pattern as the war-lies of 1914 and after, and the people are swallowing them in the same familiar way. Atrocity stories lead, of course. Here is a beautiful example! On Sunday, March 27, the New York *Times* published in a conspicuous "box" on the first page an Associated Press dispatch from London, which quoted in turn a story from Shanghai. (Note the round-about process of transmission.) This story described the murder of the Nanking missionary, Dr. J. E. Williams, and declared that "a soldier, failing to wrest a ring from the doctor's finger, chopped the finger off to secure the jewel." Here is a tale as ancient and venerable as the companion yarn about cutting off women's breasts. But not content with this, the dispatch went on to broadcast the following generalization upon the particular alleged episode: "Many such stories citing the action of soldiers in chopping off fingers to obtain rings have been received." Every Christian in China, apparently, has fingers loaded down with rings, and the soldiers chop them off just like turkeys' heads at Thanksgiving time. The next day, as it happened in this case, the New York *Times* published a special dispatch straight from Shanghai, telling the first-hand story of Dr. Williams' death as narrated by Dr. A. J. Bowen, President of Nanking University, who witnessed the tragedy. Dr. Bowen describes the arrival on the campus of Cantonese soldiers, the looting of a house, the shooting of Dr. Williams, and the stripping his body of his valuables. Does he make any mention of rings? Not a word! Is there any description of the chopping off of a finger? None! The tale is hideous enough, but it contains not a suggestion even of the peculiar atrocity featured in the *Times'* London dispatch of the

day before. Thus are atrocity lies manufactured. Thus does propaganda use these lies to create prejudice against our enemies, or those whom we do not like. Thus do newspapers lend themselves to the business of spreading abroad this propaganda through the world. Let disturbance break out anywhere and feeling run high, and this is the thing that immediately appears! We know of nothing more important than the cultivation of a public mind which will repudiate these yarns immediately they appear, as an animal rejects tainted food.

The amount of protection that is needed for American and English citizens in foreign lands is something prodigious. In Nicaragua, for example, we have eight marines for every civilian American in the country. Those eight marines ought to be able to escort the single American in their charge through any situation of danger, and, if accidents happen as they sometimes will, to carry his coffin and give him decent burial. In China, so we are told, Great Britain's armed forces total about twenty thousand. But there are only some sixteen thousand British subjects in the land, so that there are one and a half soldiers or marines for every missionary or trader. This looks pretty small as compared with the American quota in Nicaragua, but England is rushing new forces to the front, and will soon have a respectable personal escort for every English man and woman in China. Of course, what is revealed by this ludicrous disproportion in numbers is obvious. The great powers in China, like the United States in Nicaragua, are not interested primarily in lives, as they were in the Boxer expedition, when the total armed force from all the western nations together didn't exceed twenty-five thousand men. What these powers are concerned about is *property*—concessions, treaties, ports, loans, all the economic paraphernalia of imperialism. Nicaragua, of course, is the perfect illustration. China presents the same situation, but under conditions which leave the powers baffled, for China is now definitely out of hand. What Great Britain and the others are doing is going through the old familiar motions, but now for the first time without result. Any new policy, of a creative character, to meet the exigencies of the new crisis, is of course quite beyond the imagination of the little men who have charge of the chancellories of western nations. But events move on, and the drama draws to its climax. Armies or no armies, China is free henceforth to determine her own great destiny.

The strike in the bituminous coal situation has so many phases and implications that endless comment cannot exhaust them. It is too early as this is written, perhaps it will be too early months hence, to determine what is to be the extent, the tenacity, and the ultimate significance of the present revolt of the workers. But the promise of success is not bright, and never was. What we seem to have is one more belated chapter in a history of unionism now entering definitely upon a new period. Mr. Lewis, a hangover from the old days, incompetent, reactionary, brutal, is a kind of symbol of the past that now is dead. The steady advance of the company union, coupled with the steady decline of the trade union, is a kind of symbol or prophecy of what is coming. The strike, a savage weapon, forged and wielded in an age of industrial savagery, is now as obviously antiquated and useless as the long-bow after the invention of gunpowder. Underlying the whole situation are new tendencies in industry, which are producing a different sort of enemy or competitor from what labor has ever had to deal with hitherto. Capital and management are probably no more altruistic than they have ever been, but they have had forced upon them by hard experience an appreciation of the folly of neglecting the largest, the most constant, the most vital factor in their enterprise, namely the human values they deal with. Many an employer now knows that high wages are sound economy. Non-union wages are not always starvation wages. Throughout its history trade-unionism has been forced to concentrate upon the fight for better wages and shorter hours. Other forces have entered the field, independently of and sometimes hostile to unionism, which work to the same end. The thunder of the union, in other words, has been stolen. Like certain politicians and political parties, the union is left without an issue—big enough, live enough, importunate enough to justify the rather primitive, more or less brutal life it has so far been content to live—the mining industry is especially belated. Management is blundering in the extreme. Until fundamental follies are corrected, all connected with it are bound to suffer.

Public office is the stepping-stone to preferment in private business. This is the up-to-date revision of Cleveland's aphorism. There has for some years been a steady procession through the presidential cabinet and other exalted posts in the federal administration into bank presidencies, corporation managerships, and similar high-salaried offices in the commercial world. Now the energetic police head in New York gets the reward of his few strenuous months in office. He goes to the executive headship of a great corporation at the salary of the President of the United States. After all, perhaps the public service suffers less under this program than under that which ensconces in public office the worn and beaten relics of commercial and professional careers. The community gets workers at their best, when they are on their mettle to make a name. Private business takes them at the peak of their vigor,

to be sure, but it must care for them in their decline. This is rare philanthropy. It stands in lieu of a public pension for public servants. The public can afford to continue its applause of the energetic and resourceful governmental officer, even though he may speedily be enticed by the robust salaries of the corporations, if it gets as good service as Commissioner McLaughlin has given the community in New York. It is too bad that he could not have remained to complete and confirm some of the good measures he inaugurated. Yet these few months have been a gain. A Tammany man succeeds him. This is breaking truce. Not in a generation has any mayor of New York dared appoint an organization man to this critical office. Mayor Walker seeks to quiet suspicion of his motives by declaring that the people have voted him into office as a Tammany man; they will trust him to select a Police Commissioner from the same ranks, tradition and truce to the contrary. We can only wait to see.

Mrs. Stoner seems to have been entirely successful in turning out an intellectual prodigy in the person of her daughter. The latter was the sensation of the educational world a few years ago. On the strength of that achievement the mother has become a famed specialist in child training. But the sequel appears to leave something to be desired in the fields of morals and manners. Winifred, the daughter, is a successful author, but her marital woes pile up, though she is still so young. She is now seeking divorce from her second husband. Woman may be handicapped by the conventions in initiating matrimonial alliances, but she retains the right of consent. Winifred Stoner seems not to have attained that balance of judgment and social discrimination which should distinguish the thoroughly cultured person. Her first choice was a European nobleman. In about a year he died. The girl's wisdom or the contrary was not, therefore, finally demonstrated. Still there be numbers of Americans, young as well as elderly, whose suspicions were aroused by such a choice in the first place. The motives which prompt a presumably intelligent, healthy American girl to choose a belated European prince or count for a husband are not entirely explicable to a plain-spoken, straight-thinking American commoner. Her second venture did not go far to clear up the doubts which the first generated. No sooner was her back turned than off her husband is reported to have run with another woman. Hence the present divorce proceedings. Still young, as this intellectual prodigy is, there is much time for her to demonstrate manifoldly the gulf which often lies between intellect and morals, between mental proficiency and character. Education will not have won its complete triumph until both are insured.

Is Europe on the Eve of War?

Reports which come from Europe as to the political situation, are conflicting. Most American visitors talk about the rehabilitation of Europe and its slow but sure emergence from the threat of war. Those who are close to things on the Continent, however, through the intimate contact of prolonged and continuous experience, seem to be pessimistic. Only a few weeks ago we heard an address by a trained newspaper man who had just returned to this country after five years of residence in various parts of Europe. He insisted that another European war was inevitable sooner or later, and gave it as his sober judgment that such a war might break out at any moment. He could see no hope for peace.

The careful newspaper reader can find innumerable confirmations of this viewpoint between the lines of current European dispatches. More impressive, however, are the direct communications, in the form of letters and articles, which come from Europeans. It is evident that, for the moment at least, a cloud of despair has settled down upon sensitive observers, for reports as to what is now impending are uniformly dark. One of our trusted correspondents, for example, writes from France as follows:

> "The outlook is black. I have lately heard enough things which have not yet got into print to make all peace work seem naive and simple. When one looks and listens it is difficult not to come to the conclusion that the gods, desiring to destroy man, have first made him mad. But the gods themselves have much to answer for in my opinion.
>
> "You have no doubt seen that the Fascists were within an ace of attacking Nice. Mussolini backed down at the last minute, but there is little doubt he will start a blaze somewhere very shortly now. Winston Churchill and Chamberlain could no doubt tell us more.
>
> "Then there is the Bessarabian question, which is becoming another Alsace only with less of the smoulder about it.
>
> "A few days ago, E. J. assured me that the Spaniards had voted seven million pesetas for the fortification of the Balearic Isles, to be used as a military and naval station if or when necessity arose by the Italian and Spanish forces. And there is France cut off from her Colonies! And so on and so forth."

This correspondent sends us a letter from a trained observer recently dispatched to the Editor of *Foreign Affairs,* in London. A portion of this letter runs as follows:

> "I am rather disheartened by the present political situation. I am afraid our English friends are concentrating at the present

moment too much on China. China is certainly a danger spot and, at the same time, a bad example of antagonism between British Imperialism and Asiatic Nationalism. But I am afraid that there are danger spots much more important in Europe itself. The immediate future seems to me very dark. Count Bethlen in Hungary is certainly preparing a monarchist coup and wishes to enthrone one of the former Austrian archdukes. This would mean, on the part of the Hungarians, to strive to regain Slovakia and the so-called Burgenland which was ceded to Austria. I rely on very good information from my European friends as I state that Bethlen counts on the support of Great Britain, Italy and Roumania. The Little Entente will not be able to oppose that movement because Roumania will leave the Little Entente and Jugo-Slavia will be held in check by Italy, which may use this opportunity to annex Dalmatia. You know, of course, how intimate is the friendship between the present British Government and Mussolini, and how intimate, on the other hand, is the friendship between Italy and Roumania.

"The other danger spot, which I believe is intimately connected with the Hungarian one, is Lithuania, where, as a result of the recent coup d'etat, a militarist party is in power which favors a rapprochement with Poland and is strongly anti-Russian. This party will try to provoke a Russian-Polish war, where they will be on the side of Poland, whereas the present nationalist German Government will seize the opportunity with pleasure to attack Poland from the west, and a general European conflagration is not out of the question. It may be that this picture is too pessimistic, but I have received so much reliable information during the last week from many Continental friends about this subject that something must be true, and it is very necessary to look not only to China but also to Eastern and Central Europe for danger zones.

"Besides that, I wish to draw your attention to a fact which I already pointed out to you some weeks ago—the attempt to introduce military conscription into Mesopotamia. I wrote you at that time that the present Prime Minister of Mesopotamia Jaffar Pasha el Askari, was a tool of England, enforcing conscription upon the recalcitrant Mesopotamia inhabitants. Now I just get the news from Mesopotamia that he was obliged to resign as not only the entire population but also the Parliament and part of his own ministry were vehemently opposed to the introduction of conscription. It is very interesting that these barbarian savages are thwarting the plans of British Imperialism to force upon them the blessings of civilization in the form of military conscription."

A later letter, just received from our own correspondent, gives us another even more depressing report of the European outlook:

"We all seem agreed about the alarming state of European affairs, our differences are as to which smouldering piece is most likely to burst into flame, there are so many! Although all or many of us may be too pessimistic, it should be taken into consideration that beyond all doubt there are other things going on of which we suspect little. I believe that if America really knew the state of affairs and how near they are to boiling over, a shout of alarm would go up. If only America would put up such a shout as to startle the crazy lunatics who rule us into listening. But not one in a thousand even here in Europe have the glimmering of an idea of what is going on, and when one fine morning they wake up to find *WAR* in the headlines, they will lap it up again, all the old tarradiddles which killed their brothers and first husbands.

"I have always felt that there was no immediate danger of war in Europe—until recently. I did not believe that Russia would dare to fight outside her borders, like the Italians they have never been any good when they have tried to do it. And I felt that if any of the other plague spots burst out the big Powers would be obliged to settle the affair without war for fear their own Communists succeeded in making a Revolution at home, which would render very difficult international adventures.

"But this prospect has changed. The plan is now to pin prick Russia until she declares war and then the cry will be 'Down with the Red Menace,' and 'Red' has replaced 'Bosche' as the label for everything suspect, the gutter press of Capitalism has very fully trained the peoples to believe and call everything 'liberal' and unorthodox—red. So that if the storm burst there would be little opposition to the ruthless destruction of not only Communist elements, but Pacifist and Socialist and every sane thing which Capitalism in its hysteria of fear can believe is dangerous. Oh for a Jaures!——

"These are thrilling times indeed! As I see it nothing but a miracle can save a general smash up within fourteen months, possibly within four months. It is unthinkable, crazy, suicidal, it will mean the end of western civilization, etc., but something very wonderful must happen if it is to be avoided. I have little faith in the facile arguments that we are too poor to fight, there is always money for war if the people can be duped, we are finding hundreds of millions as it is.

"Of course I realize that this is rank 'alarmist' stuff I am writing and as I have written in this vein before I am risking your good opinion! I confess I don't feel very much alarm myself. On the contrary I am so tired and sick of the hollow shams and stupidities of our rotten civilization that I have to think very hard of the few great ideas abroad and of the few great souls I know in order not to welcome the prospective grand finale with satisfaction."

It is difficult for Americans to take a cry of

alarm like this seriously. It may be well for us to remember, however, that, had such an alarm been lifted in June, 1914, it would have been heard with indifference or contempt. The essential thing to remember is that precisely the same things are going on in Europe today as were going on in 1912, 1913 and 1914. We have the same alliances, the same balances of power, the same secret treaties, the same hidden diplomatic negotiations, the same fevered preparedness of arms, the same fears, hatreds and conflicting ambitions. What is immediately happening, no man knows, and that's just the menace of the situation. For ourselves, we cannot feel that the next war is impending now, at this moment. Europe has not yet recovered sufficient strength to wage another conflict to the death. The history of the last one hundred years or more shows pretty conclusively that wars come along at intervals of about twenty years. It is well to remember, however, in the light of this very fact, that it is now nine years since the last war came to an end, and that the next war therefore is in all probability far advanced in its preparations. Soon or late, this next war is surely on the way. What can be done to stay the tide of ruin before it advances to the flood?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

All over the country have run the echoes of Senator Borah's great cry in his New Haven speech on Mexico—*"God has made us neighbors—let justice make us friends."* Equally creditable are the Senator's invocation of this sentiment, and America's response thereto. Have words no power? These ten words may do more to force a right settlement of the Mexican situation than all the swords and all the cannon of the U. S. Army.

It looks as though the President were going to try for that third term. All signs point that way! But we are undisturbed. We still believe that what Washington would not and Grant could not do, will not be done by Calvin Coolidge.

The proposed WDEBS wireless station, in memory of Debs, threatens to be halted by doubt as to whether the government will grant a license to a station dedicated to such a memory and such a cause. How much free speech is there in America?

The *Living Age* submits to its readers a question-and-answer puzzle, on the type of the famous "ask me another" questionnaire, and calls it an "Intelligence Test." It is, of course, nothing of the sort. It is an information test and a memory test and perhaps some other kind of a test, but the one thing it is not is an *intelligence* test. We protest that it is high time we realized that a person's intelligence, or intellectual capacity, is something altogether apart from what he knows or remembers.

The triumphs of science are indeed breath-taking. On April 1st, on Station WTIC at Hartford, Connecticut, the squeaks of mice were broadcasted for the first time in the history of the world. Talk about progress! Will wonders never cease?

The State, War and Navy Departments in Washington are all housed in one and the same building. Think it over.

J. H. H.

'Tis Not for Thanks

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself:
"God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are"
'Tis not for thanks if I from others stand afar
I cannot pray as did the Pharisee—
Such prayer is not for me;
I fain would be as others are.
Like other men who love the rash, insistent life,
The common day and all the daily round;
Who feel their pulses bound
With eagerness for joy and strife;
Like other men who find life's lengthening path
To be a lonely way; who suffer for the right
And struggle toward the height
Where Truth and Light and Love make free.
'Tis not for thanks if I from others stand afar;
Thrice over nay. I too would join in Love's great quest
And, brotherhood within my breast,
Would pray to be as others are.

F. G. H. CALLENDER.

Protest

[*"Refusing to pass from a divine hue of thinking, to a human pattern of thought."—James Martineau*]

They thought to mold the pattern of my thought
To fence imagination as the ground
Is fenced in plots by bars, and seeming bound,
The while forgetting how the sod has caught
An urge which changing winds and sun have brought.
Thus urgently aware of powers profound
The mind spins on, its overtures redound
With haunting rhythmes with new values fraught,

My thought thus journeys on, while in my soul
Abides a living spark, defying doubt
Which shines through laughter and the litany
Of days; which holds tradition its redoubt
While questing Light; makes truth alone its goal
Knows Life and Love are veiled in mystery.

For UNITY. MARY CRUTTENDEN PERCY.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence.]

Rochester is a city, with which the readers of UNITY are doubtless familiar—at least should be. I confess, however, that as I approached it, from Buffalo, I was thinking of Eastman Kodak plants, with their 12,000 employes in Rochester. Since coming, however, I have found that greater things have happened here than the creation of the wonderful film and picture business. It is because I met the right introduction to the city through Mary T. L. Gannett, who with her husband, the late William Channing Gannett, is well known to UNITY family. In his library there are photographs of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Frederick L. Hosmer and Walter Rauschenbusch.

So, as I sum up some of the experiences to date—beside going through Kodak Park, interviewing Mr. Haight, head of the Industrial department, and interviewing Meyer Jacobstein, Democratic congressman from this Republican district, a remarkable man who gave me many points about the industrial life of Rochester—I have enjoyed the hospitality of a home where the spirit of Whittier and the Declaration of Independence abide with 100 per cent vitality, I have attended "Dr. Perkin's Class" on International Current Events and sat as a worshiper in the back seat of the First Unitarian Church with Laurance Robbins Plank, minister.

Dr. Perkin's Class is at ten o'clock Sunday mornings. He has been head of the department for ten years and is an authority on the "Monroe Doctrine." Look out for his book on this topic, soon to come out. This morning he handled three topics: China, Mexico and Disarmament. I never saw it done before. I was so enthusiastic that I suggested to several members of the class afterwards that they move to have his class broadcasted. If our State department could have listened in, I would have more confidence in the policy of our government. He referred to the outrageous propaganda that was appearing in *The Times* (N. Y.) under the name of Frederick Moore, worse than the evil propaganda that emanated from Britain and France, 1914, to get us into the war. In Mexico, the difficulty between the State and Church does not arise over religion, but over vested interests—land and education. If the American people could, every week, listen to ten men like Dr. Perkins, properly located, the future of our international relations would be sane, honest and decent.

And then I went to the morning service. Mr. Plank preached on the topic, "Mind and Soul." It was a strong appeal to his congregation, not to forget while cultivating the power of intellect that the greatest movements of the race have come out of the emotions, the intuitions, the will. They were to be open-minded, remembering, however, to exercise a censorship of their own over the ideas that clambered these days for admission—some of them poisonous. He approved of the Bible, because it held "the thoughts of men whose minds dwelt on God." Men's minds should be like "wells of living water" and not "broken cisterns that held no water." . . . Many are so careful about the gardens that they are this spring planting as to provide for defences against dogs and chickens, and yet fling their minds open to hyenas, tigers, worms and all manner of brutish things! . . . The whole service—sermon, music, the period of silent worship—was helpful. Mr. Plank is a young man of spiritual experience and is sure to be more and more heard of.

I rediscovered Rochester as having had a part in several of the leading chapters in American history. This Unitarian Church was the scene of the labors of William Channing Gannett for nineteen years, 1889-1908. He had been christened by William Ellery Channing and so represented the best traditions of Unitarianism. I had the privilege of worshiping in the pew where, after his ministry he sat, until his death, three years ago. . . . And this church had in its membership two sisters, Mary and Susan B. Anthony, two school teachers who led the fight for woman's equality! Here, Elizabeth Cady Stanton used to visit Miss Anthony sometimes in summer! And, by going a dozen or fifteen miles out from Rochester one could come to Churchville—the birthplace of Frances E. Willard! And the world knows what battles for human freedom she fought. . . . And down near the New York Central Station, about an hour ago, I stood before a statue of Frederick Douglass! For years he made Rochester his home.

On the monument of Douglass I read these words, which have application for today:

> The best defence of free institutions is the heart of the American people themselves.
>
> One with God is a majority.
>
> I know of no rights of race superior to the rights of humanity.

Rochester would be an appropriate place for holding a national convention celebrating victories for the freedom of the race. It has a remarkable list of leaders in movements that mark long steps toward securing freedom. . . . The *freedom of women*—and the names of Mary and Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton appear. . . . *The freedom of the slave* . . . Frederick Douglass is one of the emancipators, quite at the front. . . . *Freedom from legalized, commercialized liquor traffic*—who can forget, having heard the voice of Frances E. Willard, in the name of "God, Home and Country" calling America to break the chains of strong drink. . . . Gratitude to Rochester and vicinity for the part they had in these victories! . . . And these three movements have been written into the Constitution of the land.

And the application of all this. . . . The next movement for freedom is the *abolition of war*. And it can, and will, be done much as were these other great chapters in human freedom. . . . Where is the Rochester? And where are the leaders, like the young women—Susan, Mary, Elizabeth and Frances, and the men like Douglass—to lead in the war against war? I think I could name some of them, and these are well known to the UNITY family. But—the harvest is ripe—where are the reapers?

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTER II

The Storm

We have seen that the two ships cast anchor in the port of Durban on or about the 18th of December. No passengers are allowed to land at any of the South African ports before being subjected to a thorough medical examination. If the ship has any passenger suffering from a contagious disease, she has to undergo a period of quarantine. As there had been plague in Bombay when we set sail we feared lest we might have to go through a brief quarantine. Before the examination every ship has to fly a yellow flag, which is lowered only when the doctor has certified her to be healthy. Relatives and friends of passengers are allowed to come on board only after the yellow flag has been lowered.

Accordingly our ship was flying the yellow flag when the doctor came and examined us. He ordered a five days' quarantine because, in his opinion, plague germs took twenty-three days at the most to develop. Our ship was therefore ordered to be put in quarantine until the twenty-third day of our sailing from Bombay. But this quarantine order had more than health reasons behind it.

The white residents of Durban had been agitating for our repatriation, and the agitation was one of the reasons for the order. Dada Abdulla and Co. kept us regularly informed about the daily happenings in the town. The whites were holding monster meetings every day. They were addressing all kinds of threats and at times offering even inducements to Dada Abdulla and Co. They were ready to indemnify the company if both the ships should be sent back. But Dada Abdulla and Co. were not the people to be afraid of threats. Seth Abdul Kareem Haji Adam was then the managing partner of the firm. He was determined to moor the ships at the wharf and disembark the passengers at any cost. He was daily sending me detailed letters. Fortunately, the late Mr. Mansukhlal Naazar was then in Durban, having gone there to meet me. He was capable and fearless and guided the Indian community. Their advocate, Mr. Laughton, was an equally fearless man. He condemned the conduct of the white residents and advised the community, not merely as their paid advocate, but also as their true friend.

Thus Durban had become the scene of an unequal duel. On one side were a handful of poor Indians and a few of their English friends, and on the other were ranged the white men, strong in arms, in numbers, in education and in wealth. They had also the backing of the State, for the Natal Government openly helped them. Mr. Harry Escombe, who was the most influential of the members of the Cabinet, openly took part in their meetings.

The real object of the quarantine was thus to coerce the passengers into returning to India by somehow intimidating them or the Agent Company. For now threats began to be addressed to us also. "If you do not go back, you will surely be drowned. But if you consent to return you may even get your passage money." I constantly moved amongst my fellow passengers cheering them up. I also sent messages of comfort to the passengers of the SS. *Naderi*. All of them kept calm and courageous.

We arranged all sorts of games on the ship for the entertainment of the passengers. On Christmas day the captain invited the saloon passengers to dinner. The principal among these were my family. In the speeches after dinner I spoke on Western civilization. I knew that this was not an occasion for a serious speech. But mine could not be otherwise. I took part in the merriment, but my heart was in the combat that was going on in Durban. For I was the real target. There were two charges against me:

1. That whilst in India I had indulged in unmerited condemnation of the Natal whites.

2. That with a view to swamping Natal with Indians I had specially brought the two shiploads of passengers to settle there.

I was conscious of my responsibility. I knew that Dada Abdulla and Co. had incurred grave risks on my account, the lives of the passengers were in danger, and by bringing my family with me I had put them likewise in jeopardy.

But I was absolutely innocent. I had induced no one to go to Natal. I did not know the passengers when they embarked. And with the exception of a couple of relatives, I did not know the name and address of even one of the hundreds of passengers on board. Neither had I said, whilst in India, a word about the whites in Natal that I had not already said in Natal itself. And I had ample evidence in support of all that I had said.

I therefore deplored the civilization of which the Natal whites were the fruit, and which they represented and championed. This civilization had all along been on my mind and I therefore offered my views concerning it in my speech before that little meeting. The captain and other friends gave me a patient hearing and received my speech in the spirit in which it was delivered. I do not know that it in any way changed the course of their lives, but afterwards I had long talks with the captain and other officers regarding the civilization of the West. I had in my speech described Western civilization as being, unlike the Eastern, predominantly based on force. The questioners pinned me to my faith and one of them (the captain, so far as I can recollect,) said to me:

"Supposing the whites carry out their threats, how will you stand by your principle of non-violence?" To which I replied: "I hope God will give me the courage and the sense to forgive them and to refrain from bringing them to law. I have no anger towards them. I am only sorry for their ignorance and their narrowness. I know that they sincerely believe that what they are doing today is right and proper. I have no reason therefore to be angry with them."

The questioner smiled, possibly distrustfully.

Thus the days dragged on their weary way. The termination of quarantine was still indefinite. The Quarantine Officer said that the matter had passed out

of his hands, and that as soon as he had orders from the Government he would permit us to land.

At last ultimatums were served on the passengers and me. We were told to submit if we would escape with our lives. In our reply the passengers and I both maintained our right to land at Port Natal and intimated our determination to enter Natal at any risk.

At the end of twenty-three days the ships were permitted to enter the harbor and orders permitting the passengers to land were passed.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from the Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

A Day with Gandhi

Till the middle of December last, Gandhi had been living in his *ashram,* to which he had withdrawn from the world for twelve months, refusing to take any part in public life. His *ashram* is at Sabarmati, six miles from Ahmedabad, which is ten hours' train journey north of Bombay. It consists of a settlement on the banks of a swiftly flowing river. Altogether there are some two hundred people living there, including men, women and children. There is one small post office and one little shop.

Gandhi lives in a little house of just one room. He works and receives visitors there all day, but at night he sleeps in the open air on a simple wooden bedstead. Outside his room there is a wooden veranda, where people gather to have their meals with him and to get some opportunity of sharing the inspiration of his presence. At the other end of the verandah is a kitchen, where his wife does the cooking. There are two other rooms at Gandhi's disposal. One is occupied by his wife and the other is available for visitors.

All the members of the settlement conform to a strict routine. They rise at four o'clock in the morning and assemble for an hour's devotion. These take place in a sandy praying ground the size of a tennis court, with a low wall around, near the river. All the people squat on the ground, and to the accompaniment of the bina and the zither, all the community unite in singing Hindu prayers. Then, led by the music master, they sing without any musical accompaniment.

Next, Gandhi reads portions of the Baghavad Gita and expounds it. At the conclusion the settlers partake of a drink of coffee and one piece of toast. Gandhi then does private work until seven o'clock, when he takes a further hour's devotion, mainly for women who are unable to attend the earlier meeting. Afterwards he returns to his private work of reading and writing for his paper, *Young India,* dealing with a large correspondence, and interviewing people until 10:30, when he takes his first meal. This consists of goat's milk, five small and hard wholemeal biscuits, and oranges, from which all pips and pith have been removed for him.

He resumes his work until four o'clock, interviewing a constant stream of people from all parts of the world, and only stopping for a cup of coffee or hot lemonade at 3:30. Four o'clock is his time for spinning. He religiously does half an hour's spinning every day. This is Gandhi's most social time, when people gather round his spinning wheel conversing with him. At five o'clock he takes his second meal, which is similar to the one at 10:30. He then goes for a walk in solitude, and sometimes has a swim in the river. When he returns he is massaged with oil. He retires to bed early.

Gandhi is New Testament professor at one of the national colleges near Sabarmati, at which he occasionally lectures. He also spends a considerable amount of time visiting and doctoring sick people. He loves that, and his one unfailing rule for all kinds of illness is fasting. He is extremely fond of children and plays with them frequently.

There are a few simple rules of life that must be followed by those living at Gandhi's retreat. The first is that no violence must be used; second, there must be utter truthfulness and no exaggeration; third, no eating to please the palate, but only to maintain the strength; fourth, no stealing, which means not consuming or possessing more than is needed for a simple life; and, lastly, purity.

Gandhi is not a handsome man. He bears the marks of the physical suffering that his life of selfless service has brought upon him. He is toothless, because his teeth were knocked out by Indians in Africa because he was kind to the British. He is extremely thin and wasted, owing to his illness during his last imprisonment. He seems a rather sad man, and confesses that he lacks the sense of communion with a personal God, professed by many Christians that gives to them a sense of joy. Nevertheless, he leans utterly upon God, as he understands Him. Gandhi has an extremely magnetic personality, and there is a wonderful radiance which sometimes lights up his eyes, yet he is very unemotional and practical, and has given himself completely to God, and to the task of setting India free, as he understands freedom.

Like most great leaders, he is lonely. So many lean on him and look to him as their *guru,* or master, while he in the same way has no *guru.* He would probably be greatly helped if he could come in touch more with leaders of thought in other parts of the world.

At the end of December Gandhi completed a year of withdrawal from the world. So far he has not disclosed his plans for the future. After the failure of the Non-cooperative Movement many people are hoping that Gandhi will confine his activities to attacking social evils, notably drinking and opium smoking. Already many Indian villages have gone "dry," and even abolished the native fermented drinks, because of Gandhi's well-known disapproval of alcohol.

But Gandhi, in his retirement, has already been at work on the beginnings of a movement which he believes will be of the greatest value to the national life of India. During the Non-cooperative Movement many highly educated Indians gave up valuable Government appointments to identify themselves with it. Gandhi is now organizing these Indians as leaders in a new movement known as the India Spinning Association, which now has three thousand members. The test of membership of this association is that each member shall do at least half an hour's spinning every day.

Gandhi believes that in this hand-spinning a great contribution can be made toward relieving the appalling poverty of India and recreating her decayed village community life. Having learned how to spin, these

young men settle in twos and threes in villages and teach the people spinning. The association supplies the cotton, and after it is spun, collects and pays for the yarn. In this way a valuable industry is being established in the villages to which the people can turn when other work is slack. Not only does this movement help to relieve the abysmal poverty, but it is creating a new community sense. The movement then concentrates upon the provision of thorough sanitation and an adequate supply of pure water.

In this way Gandhi is already diverting the national spirit and energies along lines of useful social activity in raising the whole economic standard in the villages of India. It would be unfair to Gandhi to suggest that he believes this alone is going to win freedom for India, but he feels that this is the most important work to do at the present time, and he is gradually effecting a revolution in this essentially agricultural country.

Gandhi's health is much improved, and under certain circumstances, which will be revealed later, he is willing to visit Great Britain.

—*Muriel Lester.*

Observer (London, England).

Free China

[Two Reports from the Front.]

I.

Friends in America! You will be interested in word coming direct from China! Scare headlines and "news features" have made you wonder what is really going on. We cannot give a full account, but we would not be true to our mission as messengers of good-will if at such a time as this we did not try to interpret to friends at home the significant events that are transpiring here.

For thousands of years China has been a *Family* state; now she is beginning to remake herself as a *National* state. The spirit of nationalism is running high. Young China wants the position in the world to which her great population, her vast resources, and her high and ancient culture entitle her. She feels that she has a worth-while contribution to make to the world-life of today. She feels that she has a right to live her own life.

But for more than eighty years she has been bound by "unequal" treaties, which she was forced to accept after defeat at the hands of western militarism. Christian missions were accorded a position of especial privilege. Foreigners (missionaries and merchants alike) were granted extra-territorial privileges. A half-dozen or more foreign powers were "granted" territorial concessions in a score of treaty-ports. Thirteen treaty powers had to give their consent before China could legally increase her customs-tariffs.

With the present rising tide of nationalism, China bitterly resents her unequal position. For eight years she has tried, by the use of diplomatic means, to get a bettering of conditions,—but with scant success. She frankly fears the designs of the foreign powers upon her. She has fully determined that the period of "foreign domination" must cease. She will be mistress in her own house; she wants only such sovereignty as other nations enjoy.

The old treaties are out of date, and must be replaced by new ones negotiated on a different basis. America has everything to gain and nothing to lose by negotiating *immediately*. American business interests have much to gain and nothing to lose by retaining the friendship of the Chinese people. The "special position" accorded by the unequal treaties to Christian missions has become a grave detriment to the Christian movement. We do not need gunboats; we do not need special privileges; we *do* need a new treaty with China drawn up on a basis of equality and reciprocity—and the more quickly our government will negotiate, the better for all concerned.

The Executive Committee of the National Christian Council of China (outstanding Chirstian leaders: Chinese, British and American) recently sent the following cablegram to the Committee of Reference and Counsel, New York:

"The Executive Committee of the National Christian Council earnestly invites the continued cooperation of the Christian agencies of America in the ministry of reconciliation by helping the people and the government to understand the deeper purpose of the present nationalistic movement shared by the Chinese people both north and south, and not to be misled by exaggerated reports of incidents unavoidable in periods of great social and national change. Continue to support official proposal for immediate steps to negotiate new treaties placing Sino-American relations on cordial, equal and reciprocal basis. It is essential to avoid provocative publicity, pronouncements, and military measures during the period of negotiation. Prompt, courageous, imaginative action may alter the whole situation. We earnestly hope the Christian people of America will redouble their sympathy, their prayers, and their support on behalf of the Chinese Church at this time of extraordinary testing and promise."

Christians in Amerian may well ponder these words: It is an urgent cry for help, for understanding, for continued friendship, for justice.

Now is the time to do more than merely to make a "friendly gesture." It is time to appoint American representatives to negotiate a new treaty *at once*. Our Secretary of State need not fear that China will have no representatives to negotiate for her! Either or both governments (northern or southern) can speak for the Chinese people on this matter of unequal treaties; it is even not impossible that the two governments can agree to negotiate jointly and at once, if the United States government will do so. It is time, not for empty words about "good will" and "traditional friendship"—it is time for very definite *action* (by America alone, if need be). *Prompt, imaginative action*—appoint qualified American statesmen to negotiate a new treaty *now!*

The urgency of this matter can hardly be overstated. The Techow Station of the American Board Mission unanimously endorses the above cablegram and urges American friends of China to press for action!

Yours for Christianized International Relationships,

HAROLD S. MATTHEWS.

The Techow Station,
Shantung, China.

II.

One of the things the Chinese cry out against is the unequal treaties. That many stipulations in these treaties are unjust to the Chinese must be acknowledged. That most of the treaties have been forced on China must also be recognized. Foreign relations seem to the Chinese to work hardship for them and bring advantage only to the foreigner. Friendship that will be eternal is professed in the open clauses of many treaties, while the rest of the treaties show anything but a friendly spirit to the Chinese on the part of foreign governments. The Protocol of 1901, following the Boxer and Imperial attack on foreigners was a punitive document from beginning to end. For the Chinese to decry these treaties as unequal, unfair, unsuited to new conditions and calling for immediate extinction if China is to acquire sovereignty within her own territory, is not at all surprising. This opposition to treaties which places China in shackles is a general sentiment, and not specifically of any one faction. Foreign governments, moreover, agree with the universal sentiment of the Chinese in either the abrogation or, in greater legality, the revision of the treaties. Immediate negotiations collectively or separately is now made possible and must proceed.

There are other aspects of the treaties between China and other nations, however, which need to be noted, if an atmosphere of justice is to be created. One is that some of the treaties are neither unequal nor unjust. They are as free as is possible with any treaty with its restrictions, stipulations and obligations. Away back over sixty years ago China made a treaty of greater magnanimity, friendships and reciprocity than probably any treaty of modern times. This was the famous Burlingame Treaty, made with the Washington Government by China's first Envoy abroad, Anson Burlingame, who had previously terminated his term in Peking as American Minister Plenipotentiary. This treaty was one of complete *reciprocity,* or equality. The generosity therein displayed was the expression of an American friend and idealist, rather than of the mind of Chinese mandarins. It proved to be too high even for the American official mind, for after a few years a new treaty was made, not as it was charged for exclusion of Chinese laborers in the United States, but for their restriction. Other treaties made since the Boxer Protocol can hardly be claimed as unequal or unfair; they were real agreements, the result of careful deliberation, in which experts and true patriots like ex-Minister Lu Hai-huan and Dr. Wu Ting-fang took part with no expressions of dissatisfaction. These were the treaties made with Great Britain, the United States and Japan, called Commercial Treaties, dealing with the question of tariff to the mutual advantage of both sides, and the opening of new marts of foreign trade, commonly called treaty-ports, but located in the interior of China, and administered by the Chinese themselves. Many other agreements and treaties with new sets of foreign powers have been made, in which China's wishes have been followed. The treaties made with Germany and Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, and the preliminary agreement with Soviet Russia have been of the type which China seeks to follow in new arrangements with other nations. There has been a natural development and a decided improvement in China's official intercourse with the rest of the world.

A second aspect in the treaties heretofore made between China and foreign governments and in the intercourse that has existed is the inequality, the restriction which foreigners have undergone for over a century. It is an historic fact that foreign powers, especially Great Britain and to a minor degree France, Russia and the United States, had to force the opening of China. This isolation characterized other nations as well as China and differed greatly from the new era of international law and conferences and various forms of world compacts. In these China has more and more been given an equal place. Though China was said to be opened up and other nations announced for China's good the policy of the open door, China has restricted foreign traders to the treaty ports. If they traveled elsewhere, they must have a passport. If they extended their trade to other cities, it must be through Chinese agents. These restrictions, though somewhat annoying to the foreigner, were yet accepted as a reasonable requirement and as the law. They were also looked upon as a benefit, or at least a convenience, to the Chinese authorities. Even today there are Chinese who doubt the feasibility of removing these treaty-port limitations and allowing the foreigner an equal right to live anywhere and come under the sole protection and management of Chinese officials. As to foreign missionaries, while they have gradually gone everywhere, they have had to follow the regulations of the Chinese Government and have been allowed to reside in the interior because they were doing works of righteousness, could speak Chinese and were not apt to have litigation, not being of the criminal class. Chinese law and regulations, distinct from treaty law but in harmony with it, have for the most part showed great liberality. The privileges which foreigners have had under the treaties or under the law, or the rights which they have as human beings should not be denied or abolished by those who denounce the unequal treaties.

Shanghai, China. GILBERT REID.

The End

"Then cometh the end!" do you wonder
  The words are a poem to me?
The sailor-lad safe in the harbor,
  The plow-man at home from the lea.
The mother asleep in her chamber,
  With her child cuddled close to her breast;
And the hobo, aside from the highway
  Stretched out by his fire at rest.

"The end," though it be but a moment
  Before the beginning again;
The dying away of the thunder,
  The clouds drifting off with the rain.
The truce, when the burden of battle
  Is too heavy to longer be borne,
Or after the night's rack and fever
  The passing of pain with the morn.

Fare on! every hardship will vanish.
  Fare on! every sea has its shore.
In the hour when the fog-drip is drearest
  There are sunsets of glory before.
Grieve not that the lovely is transient,
  The lovelier lieth in wait:
"Then cometh the end," is a rainbow
  That spans all the heavens of fate.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

What Is the Matter with the South?

A recent hurried trip through a portion of the South raises anew in one citizen's mind this perennial question, what is the matter with the South? No visitor to the Southland can escape it. The oftener he makes the visit the more promptly and spontaneously the question bobs up.

One answer is, Nothing; there is nothing the matter with the South. It is only different. And in these parlous days of social regimentation difference is a high virtue. Indeed, if there is anything serious the matter with the South it is that it is not different enough. It emits the same yawp about the biggest, the newest, the niftiest of this, that or the other, which may be heard in good American nasals all over the rest of the country.

There can be no question but that the South is rapidly losing its distinctive character in all but a few outstanding particulars. Its railroads look and ride like other railroads. Its towns and cities are being standardized in every material particular. Even the dress of the young Negro girl at the railroad way station is not greatly different from that of the flapper on Broadway, except that the stockings verge a shade or two toward yellow, away from the conventional "flesh" color. Standardization plays havoc with elemental imagination, for the cigarette vendor's bill-boards display the identical snow scene which was apparently designed to seduce youthful smokers along the Canadian border in January.

But there remain certain characteristics of the South which are a concern to all Americans. The South is slovenly. It has always boasted to being unlike New England. It is! New England is incapable of the dowdiness which one sees on every hand in the South, messy spots and loose ends sticking out here and there, even where the community makes some attempt at "redding up."

It is sometimes assumed that this is simply the fault of an exaggerated virtue, that the traditional hospitality of the South overflows into a happy-go-lucky carelessness of the canons of thrift. But the more observant fear worse things. The South is intolerant. Prejudice nowhere flames so fiercely nor burns so persistently. The South's slovenliness is an outward and visible sign of superficial character. Which also are prejudice and intolerance! Boastfulness is still another sign. And the South is given to boasting of what often falls short of real excellence.

Educational levels are still low. They are rising doubtless. But southern communities are foolishly proud of advances which are still far short. Poverty was once the excuse. It is now merely an excuse, for the South is poor only in achievement, in acquired wealth. The resources, the raw wealth, are there in great abundance.

The swamp has been a curse to the South. It still spreads over great areas along the sea-board and through wide valleys of the great rivers. But southern people have made it a curse. Water is a blessing of nature. It has been the making of Dutch character, which is anything but messy, slovenly, easy-going. Countless southern communities still wallow in mud and muck.

Over all hangs the curse of slavery. Over all and under all! A stubborn, opinionated, incorrigibly selfish generation hugged that deadly institution. And their descendants in the great majority still hug it close. For there is no point upon which the typical southerner is more cock-sure than that he and his society understand the Negro, and know how to deal with him as an individual and as a social factor. Which time and events are already showing to be the crowning delusion of the southland and its dominant race! The South has never understood the Negro, is perhaps farther from understanding him today than fifty years ago.

The Negro in the South does not understand himself. He is having to migrate to find himself. However cynically the South may point to race clashes in northern cities—even in the Kansas of John Brown and Eli Thayer!—the fact is becoming evident to the unprejudiced white and black alike that only outside of the South, or in isolated communities of the South which the conventional southern spirit cannot invade, is the Negro coming even to approximate his individual and social realization. At no point does the superficiality and hardened prejudice of the South stand out more manifest than in its continued boast that it and its whites alone understand the Negro.

In certain communities the level of Negro enterprise and intelligence already stands higher than that of the surrounding white population. Whether this tendency will continue, now that the Negro has found the way out, remains a question. If the great training schools for Negroes succeed in keeping the Negro in the South, while endowing him with powers and parts superior to Caucasian fellow-citizens, there will be tales to tell for which the observer of today is unprepared. When control of finance and industrial enterprises passes into his hands over considerable areas, even the white South will awaken to the fact that it does not understand.

But even then the trail of the old dragon will not be entirely wiped out. A terrible thing was slavery. More terrible than all the anguish of Uncle Tom could express. The evil is not atoned even when South joins with North, and all of the other points of the compass, in acknowledging that the manacles and the whiplash were a ghastly mistake. The institution was more than these. It was more than itself, more than an outward, visible, tangible, cruel thing. It was a spirit, and spirits are not always quenched even in the bloodshed of an avenging war.

This spirit abides in the South of today. One feels it in the air, about the railroad stations, up and down the streets. The carnal, material reminders, like Jim Crow cars and compartmented station waiting rooms, are the least impressive evidence. It is everywhere. And it is fatal to civilization. All over the South there are communities which are no communities. The accident of color runs social cleavages down to the deeps of the community life. The community mind is cleft, inexorably, irreconcilably rent asunder. The white man does not know what is going on in the deeps of the black man's soul. He is the more ignorant because he thinks he knows. Probably the black man does not know what is going on in his white neighbor's mind, though he comes much more nearly being acquainted with his neighbor than his neighbor is with him.

This is not the social stuff of which communities are made. Southern society is impossible. It is a mockery. It is an artificial, unstable *modus vivendi* at its best. It is saturated with insincerity. The stranger feels

it all the time and everywhere. The only reason both the white and the black native are not prostrated is because their vital organs have been inured to it. They breathe miasma, and think they are in health only because the disease has fastened upon the whole social system in which they live and move and have their being.

The southern people are lovable folks. The stranger never fails to be attracted by their graces. Perhaps they are making as much of a bad situation as most other folks would. But they have not succeeded in making a bad situation good. Nor will they succeed. The social *status quo* is impossible. Color has no business being the sort of thing, and producing the social effects, which it is and does in the South. Forget the past. Make no attempt to fix blame. But do not evade the fact. Southern society is impossible. The southern people must find a way to change it, to cut out the rot which is eating at their social vitals, to put manhood and womanhood on the basis of manhood and womanhood. You cannot base social reality upon accidents of color or previous conditions of what not.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

The Study Table

"The Imitation of Christ"

Of all the works written in our western world, none has had a wider circulation than the immortal *"De Imitatione Christi."* According to the catalogue of the British Museum, this book has been for four hundred years next only to the Bible the most widely read book in the world. "That (it) supplies some imperious want in the Christianity of mankind," says the church historian Milman, "that it supplied it with a fullness and felicity which left nothing at this period of Christianity to be desired, its boundless popularity is the one unanswerable testimony."

That the origin of such a book should be doubtful is amazing. Yet it is doubtful! Nobody really knows how the *"Imitatione"* was composed, nor whether Thomas à Kempis is the author of more than a part of it. Even how large a part is dubious, and who the other authors are is not known by anybody. Such an area of ignorance opens up a wide field of exploration, and the editor for this volume* has bravely entered it. His indefatigable study of sources has made him master of all available information, and rewarded him with the discovery of hitherto unknown manuscripts. Upon the basis of this new material and his own exhaustive knowledge, he has made a new translation of the famous work, and re-edited it throughout. The result is an edition of the classic which supersedes everything that has gone before. Handsomely printed, and bound in flexible covers, this volume should be given a place in every religious library.

J. H. H.

Haiti!

There are two Haitis. There is the Haiti that goes to market, that pounds clothes upon the stones of the river, that harvests the cane and the coffee, that, having had revolutions and too many Presidents, now has an advisory Nordic Occupation. But the dream Haiti has nothing to do with this. It is the Haiti of drum and of dance.

Blair Niles is able to see the whole of Haiti and reveals it to us in a book* written as though it were a traveller's desultory story but that in reality is accurate, scholarly, with a clear picture of conditions today and a dramatic, historic background. When one is through, one has learned much of Toussaint Louverture, of Dessalines, and of Christophe, whose marvellous citadel will before long become one of the show places of the world. Christophe is by all odds the most intriguing figure of the three with his great palace, his punctilious, inflexible court etiquette, and his passionate belief in the greatness of the African. Like many another brutal despot he left a magnificent monument, and when his countrymen turned against him, he shot himself in his palace that he might die a King. But the most fascinating part of the book is the dream Haiti, the Haiti of the drum and dance.

Like so much that is interesting in this world, the Haiti of the drum and dance will before long pass away. The "Creation dance," which the author vividly describes, is performed by the peasants to the long Voodoo drum, "the voice of which so profoundly stirs them that its use has been made illegal." But the law is a dead letter in parts of the Island and if one is unostentatious and mingles with the crowd, one can still hear the drum and watch the primitive dance that is earlier in this world than man. Besides the sound of the drum there is the chorus of male and female voices and the "high, sweet treble of the flute." And all this in the superb, tropic starlight amid the trembling palms.

Besides the history of the Island and the life of the peasants, we have an occasional glimpse of the former ruling class that has been superseded by the marines. A little is told of our intervention, its crudity and also its good side. That something of the sort would come seems now inevitable. Haiti has potential wealth and no wealthy spot can remain long unexploited. Nor can people be permitted to remain ignorant of the laws of health or unable to read the printed page. So little by little we shall see Haiti modernized, automobile roads will succeed donkey paths, and saxophones will take the place of drums. But before that happens we shall all want to visit the Island. Blair Niles' book makes us long to pack our bags and take the next steamer to Port-au-Prince. We want to see the black women making their way with swinging stride to market, their produce on their heads, delighted at the prospect of a day's joyous clatter and the fun of bargaining. We want to hear the drum and watch the Africans in their strange, swaying dance. There is a brightness today about Haiti, despite its poverty, that Anglo-Saxon civilization will subdue.

"The Anglo-Saxon (our writer says), to some extent denatured the African. In the Spanish-American countries, a certain austerity in the conquerors subdued the Negro; but in Haiti the mingling of France with Africa was like giving to Africa a drink of champagne: with the result that the personality of Haiti is singularly vital.

Let us make haste to get there before the fizz is gone.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

*"The Imitation of Christ," Edited by Albert Hyma. Published by the Century Company.

*"Black Haiti," by Blair Niles. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

NEW AMERICA IN OLD HEIDELBERG

Summer Seminar in Heidelberg and the Black Forest
July 20—August 10, 1927

To provide opportunity for twenty-five young Americans who desire to come into vital personal touch with the creative inspiration and experience of the Youth Movement and several talented leaders of the New Germany now stepping from the shadows, a Summer Seminar of three weeks at old Heidelberg and a beautiful center of the Youth Movement in Franconia, followed by a tour of the Black Forest, will be offered during the summer of 1927, under the auspices of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, of Boston, the Young Democracy, of Philadelphia, and the World Youth Alliance of New York.

The first week will be spent as guests of one of the largest, most interesting organizations of the German Youth Movement at their Jugendheim, an old, refitted castle near the city of Bamberg, the Beautiful,—an ancient city full of medieval monuments and the center of a richly historic region. During the second week, the Seminar will travel through Franconia via Rothenburg and other ancient towns to Heidelberg, where leaders of the important Students' Co-operative Association of Germany, representatives of progressive educational endeavors of Youth and Organized Labor, and distinguished interpreters of the aspiring thought and achievements of some of the most remarkable social and political movements of Central Europe will address its members. The meetings will be held in the hall of the Students' Co-operative of the University of Heidelberg. During the third week, a walking tour will be made in the Black Forest in the company of German students and friends. Or, optionally, another Youth Conference, on the Freusberg, may be visited.

It is expected that Count Coudenhove-Kalergi (founder of the movement for the United States of Europe), Ernst Toller, Leonard Nelson, Prof. Koch, Prof. Oppenheim and other famous authors and educators will be the guests of the Seminar. The University will be in session and certain classes may be visited. Fullest opportunity will be provided (in addition to regular lectures and discussions, in English and German) for excursions in the Neckar Valley, visits to model schools, and for participation in refreshing games and dances and colorful festivals of the Youth Movement in its own atmosphere of History and Romance, without which it cannot be understood.

The American group will of necessity be carefully selected. While open to both young men and women, it will be limited to twenty-five. A reading knowledge of German or French, preferably of both, will be required. Only young people over twenty years of age, who have completed at least the equivalent of the sophomore year in American colleges and universities, will be eligible. Personal correspondence, in advance, with the leader or his assistants is necessary.

Members of the Seminar will not necessarily travel to Germany together, but all will be expected to remain with it throughout the period. The leader will sail on the S. S. "Stuttgart" from New York, July 6th.

Those who do not travel together will meet the group in Paris and proceed to Frankfort (via the Rhine) together. The Black Forest Excursion, which concludes the Seminar, will end at a point convenient for, and having direct connection with Switzerland, via Constance; or Munich, Dresden and the North.

Expenses: $105.00 for the Seminar period, including registration, lodging, food, and transportation of persons and baggage. Very good ocean transportation may be had in Student Class, round-trip, from $175.00 up. Fares from Paris to Jugendheim and return, $20.00, approximately. Reservations will be made with the party for ocean passage, if desired and applied for before May 1st.

Leader: Brent Dow Allison, 49 Claremont Avenue, New York City.

Assistants: George H. Hallett, Jr., Proportional Representation League, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas Painter, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

Advisors: Prof. Eduard C. Lindemann, New York School of Social Work; Mrs. Florence G. Nasmyth, Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.; Miss Dorothy Detzer, Women's International League, Washington, D. C.

Fuller information and registration: Miss Ruth Lewis, Secretary, 61 West 83rd Street, New York City or at Fellowship of Youth for Peace, 6 Byron Street, Boston, Mass. Registration Fee: $5.00.

ESSAYS ON GERMANY AND THE LEAGUE

Twelve Prizes Offered to Students of German Affairs in and out of American Colleges

March 15—June 30, 1927

A PROJECT IN ESSAY-WRITING

For American Students of German Affairs

The entrance of Germany into the League of Nations on September 10, 1926, is generally regarded as perhaps the most significant event of post-war history. Potentially at least it marks the passing of an era in Franco-German relations during which wars and the preparation for wars were well-nigh constant and the beginning of a new period in which the co-operation of France and Germany in maintaining peace in Europe may be an example to the world.

The event is significant of a new spirit on the part both of Germany and of France. It will have far-reaching consequences in the policies of both nations and of all nations, above all Russia and Great Britain. Possibly the United States will be influenced by it to a noticeable degree.

Doctor Stresemann, representative of Germany, in his speech on this momentous day, and M. Briand of France in his reply gave voice to some of these things. The attitude of the German people and the German government toward world co-operation, as here expressed, has been acclaimed in France and throughout the world. Germany's post-war problems are beginning to receive more sympathetic consideration. A large spirit of tolerance and optimism is beginning to replace the fear and suspicion which characterized the years immediately after the war.

A number of prominent American citizens desire to encourage a more careful study of the significance of this event on the part of our young men and women. Recently prizes have been offered for the best translation of M. Briand's great speech on this occasion. Now we are authorized to offer similar prizes for the best essays or articles on the subject of "The Significance of Germany's Entrance Into the League of Nations."

It is suggested that preparation should begin with a careful study of Doctor Stresemann's speech, along with that of M. Briand at the same meeting, and of such recent books as "German After-War Problems," by Prof. Kuno Francke (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.), "Germany," by George Peabody Gooch (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), and "The Case for the Central Powers," by Count Max Montgelas, translated by Constance Vesey (Alfred A. Knopf, New York), and of such pamphlets as Dr. Ernst Jäckh's "Germany and the League" (Foreign Policy Association, 18 E. 41st St., New York).

There will be two separate essay contests—one for college students, chiefly but not exclusively in the department of modern languages, history, political science, economics, and philosophy; and the other for all persons not now in college who are interested in the study of German or of German affairs, and who are not over 30 years of age. In each of these contests six prizes will be awarded—a first prize of $100, a second of $50, a third of $25, a fourth of a year's subscription to the *Staats-Zeitung* or *Herold*, a fifth of a year's subscription to the *Sonntagsblatt Staats-Zeitung und Herold*, and a sixth of a year's subscription to *Deutsch-Amerika*. The last three prizes in each contest are offered through the courtesy and co-operation of the publishers, the Staats-Herold Corporation, 22 N. William St., New York City.

Regulations of the Contest

1. Regulations of the contest and copies of certificate blanks to be used in submitting papers may be obtained without cost upon application to the address given below.

2. The paper must adhere strictly to the subject, "The Significance of Germany's Entrance into the League of Nations," but may treat the topic in any way the writer wishes and come to any conclusions which seem justifiable to the writer.

3. The paper may be written in either the English or the German language. No paper may exceed the limit of 2,500 words.

4. Each essay must be typed with

two spaces between the lines and with ample margins on one side only of paper approximately 8½ by 11 inches.

5. In the contest among college students every paper must be attested by an instructor under whom the student is doing work. The student must certify the authenticity of his paper and himself send it to the Recorder of the Supervising Committee.

6. In the contest among students of German affairs who are not in college and are not over 30 years of age, the student must certify the authenticity of his paper before a notary public and himself send it to the Recorder of the Supervising Committee.

7. The paper with its accompanying certificate should be forwarded in ample time to reach the Supervising Committee of the "Germany and the League" Essay Competition, 532 Seventeenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., by June 30, 1927.

8. In scoring the papers the judges will give due consideration to the definiteness with which the writer sets forth his thesis and the success with which he supports it, whatever that thesis may be.

9. All essays to which prizes are awarded will become the property of those in charge of the competition. The others will be destroyed except those whose writers have accompanied their essays with sufficient postage for their return. Writers are advised to keep carbon copies of their papers.

10. The names of the prize winners will be announced as soon as possible after September 15, 1927.

Supervising Committee

Albert B. Faust, Professor of German, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., Chairman.

Harry Elmer Barnes, Professor of Historical Sociology, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Hon. Richard Bartholdt, former Representative in Congress from Missouri, and former President of the Inter-parliamentary Union for Promotion of Industrial Arbitration, St. Louis, Mo.

Adolf Busse, Head of the Department of German, Hunter College of the City of New York.

Hon. John H. Clarke, former Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Cleveland, Ohio.

William A. Cooper, Professor of German, Stanford University, Calif.

Lillian Dudley, Head of the Department of Modern Languages, Kansas State Teachers College, Emporia, Kans.

Carl J. Friedrich, Lecturer on Government, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Paul G. Gleis, Head of Department of German, Catholic University of America, and Editor of *Washington Journal*, Washington, D. C.

Charles Hart Handschin, Professor of German, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

James Taft Hatfield, Professor of the German Language and Literature, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Camillo von Klenze, Professor of German, College of the City of New York.

H. H. von Mellenthin, Foreign Editor, *Staats-Zeitung*, New York City.

Dr. Muhlner, Chairman German-Austrian Group, International House, New York City.

Alfred Henry Nolle, Professor of Modern Languages and Dean of the Faculty, Southwest Texas State Teachers College, San Marcos, Texas.

Hon. Robert L. Owen, former United States Senator from Oklahoma, Washington, D. C.

William Raleigh Price, Albany, N. Y.

Ellery Cory Stowell, Washington, D. C.

Glen Levin Swiggett, Washington, D. C.

Marian Parker Whitney, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

James Albert Woodburn, Bloomington, Ind.

Arthur Charles Watkins, Associate Secretary, National Council for Prevention of War, 532 Seventeenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., Recorder of the Committee.

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